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MARVEL®

SPIDER-MAN GROUP

# UNTOLD TALES OF SPIDER-MAN

IT STALKS BY NIGHT!

Bitten by a radioactive spider, high school student **Peter Parker** gained the spider's powers, and soon became the costumed crimefighter the entire world would one day come to know as **Spider-Man!** In the early days of his career, when his amazing powers were still new to him, the teenaged Spider-Man struggled to learn about himself and his abilities, while trying to lead a **normal life!** It would **not** be easy...

## STAN LEE PRESENTS... UNTOLD TALES OF SPIDER-MAN!

# CASTLES IN THE AIR

The creature moves **silently** on the night wind.

Its approach is **swift, sure** and **undetected** --

Ah, A **FULL MOON** -- A MIDNIGHT SNACK -- A BOTTLE OR TWO OF **DOM PERIGNON** --

-- AND **YOU,** MY DEAR! WHAT COULD BE MORE PERFECT?

Oh, RANDOLPH -- YOU'RE SO **ROMANTIC!**

TERROR STALKS THE CITY SKIES THANKS TO

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-- until --

SHRIII

Dressing quickly, Peter Parker stifles a **yawn**. He was up **too late** the night before --

-- BEFORE SCHOOL STARTS!

-- searching for the **winged creature** the whole city's **abuzz** about.

Somebody's got to catch it before it **hurts** someone --

-- and if he gets some **news photos** to sell to the Daily Bugle along the way, that'd be **good**, too.

HEY, HERE'S "PUNY" PARKER! MAN, HE'S MOVIN' --

And **hey** --

-- that **reward** sure wouldn't hurt, **either!**

-- WE COULD USE A *WIDE RECEIVER* THAT FAST ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM!

PARKER? HE PROBABLY JUST CAN'T WAIT FOR *CHEM CLASS* -- IT'S GOT HIM ALL A-*TINGLE!* HERE, WATCH ME *TRIP* --

DAILY BUGLE
WINGED MENACE ATTACKS COUNCILMAN
Cherryh Offers $25,000 Reward

-- HUH? *SIDE-STEPPED?* BUT HE WASN'T EVEN --

ONE *SIDE*, IONELLO --

-- LET A *PRO* SHOW YOU HOW IT'S *DONE!*

WHUMP

OOF!

FLASH THOMPSON -- YOU ARE *REALLY* TOO MUCH -- !

Y'KNOW, PARKER, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO *WATCH* WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

IMAGINE IF THAT WAS AN *IRON LAMPPOST*, INSTEAD OF SOFT, CUDDLY *ME!*

YOU *DELIBERATELY* STEPPED IN FRONT OF ME, FLASH!

HEY! TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS*, GANG!

PARKER WAS SIMPLY *ABSORBED* BY THE NEWS OF THE DAY! GONNA GO FOR THE *REWARD*, PARKER? MAYBE BECOME A *BIG-GAME HUNTER?*

I CAN SEE IT *NOW* -- PETER PARKER, THE NEXT *SERGEI KRAVINOV!*

VERY *FUNNY*, JASON.

AW, *EASE UP*, PETER -- THEY'RE ONLY HAVING A LITTLE FUN. SCHOOL'S BORING *ENOUGH* -- WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME EXCITEMENT *SOMEWHERE!*

HAPPY TO BE A CLOWN FOR YOUR *AMUSEMENT*, SALLY.

HEY, TINY, *THANKS!*

THANKS, *NOTHIN'* -- THESE ARE *MINE*. YOU KNOCKED 'EM OUTTA MY HANDS WHEN YOU FELL.

WHAT?! THOSE ARE *MY* MATH NOTES, TINY --

-- GIVE 'EM *BACK!*

I SAID THEY'RE *MINE*, PARKER. NOW GO TO CLASS AND *SHUT UP* -- OR I'LL REARRANGE YOUR *FACE!*

CLANGCLANG

*-- not without exposing his **secret identity**. He hears the girls giggle as he walks off -- maybe he **will** get that reward, he thinks.*

CLANGCLAN

LAN

*He could put Tiny McKeever through a **window** if he wanted -- a **fourth-story** window. But he can't --*

*And maybe he'll **use** it to move himself and Aunt May to another part of the **city** --*

*-- where kids aren't such **jerks!***

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

After school, he looks around some more.

He stops two **muggings** and a **purse-snatching**, but sees no sign of the creature.

Oh, YOO-HOO --

-- LITTLE LEATHER-SKINNED TERROR OF THE SKIES --

It sure would be nice.

Not to have to worry about **money** -- to feel secure, instead of constantly **juggling**...

-- PAPA NEEDS NEW SHOES! AND A HOUSE.

...desperately afraid that this month it'll all fall apart.

AND A YACHT.

It sure **would** be nice.

OH, PETER--I DIDN'T SEE YOU *COME IN*. YOU STAY OUT SO *LATE* THESE DAYS--NEGLECT YOUR *SLEEP*...

YOU KNOW, AUNT MAY, IF THEY EVER GAVE OUT MEDALS FOR *WORRYING* -- YOU'D TAKE THE *BLUE RIBBON*, EASY!

BUT IT'S *OKAY* -- I'M TURNING IN RIGHT NOW.

WELL, YOU HAVE *SWEET DREAMS*, THEN -- BUT DON'T DENY AN OLD WOMAN HER LITTLE PLEASURES. IF I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT MY *FAVORITE NEPHEW* --

-- WHO *CAN* I WORRY ABOUT?

And what about **Aunt May**, huh?

She works so **hard** -- struggles to keep a **roof** over their heads --

-- doesn't she deserve a break, too?

DAILY BUGLE

TELL ME IT'S NOT TRUE, SOMEBODY --

-- TELL ME THAT THING THEY'RE CALLING BATWING DIDN'T STRIKE AGAIN LAST NIGHT, PANICKING LATE-NIGHT DINERS AT THE ROOFTOP RESTAURANT --

-- AND NOT A SINGLE PAPER IN TOWN HAD A PHOTOGRAPHER PRESENT!

WE'RE LOOKING LIKE LAUGHINGSTOCKS, PEOPLE! WE'RE LOOKING LIKE --

-- WAS WONDERING, BETTY -- IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING SPECIAL THIS FRIDAY, uh --

YES, PETER?

PARKER!

-Ulp- I WAS KINDA HOPING HE WOULDN'T SEE ME...

GOT ANY PHOTOS FOR ME TODAY, PARKER? ANY ACTION SHOTS OF A CERTAIN AERIAL HORROR? ANY CANDID SNAPS FOR FRONT-PAGE CONSUMPTION ?

Er, NO SIR. I WAS, eh, JUST TALKING TO MISS BRANT HERE ABOUT SEEING THE BATWING FILE -- MAYBE FIGURING OUT WHERE HE'LL STRIKE NEXT...

YOU DO THAT, PARKER -- BUT TALK TO SHUTT -- HE'S THE MAN ON THE STORY. AND IN THE MEANTIME --

-- IF YOU WANT TO MAKE TIME WITH MY SECRETARY, DO IT AFTER WORK!

Uh, YESSIR.

PETER ?

BLASTED TEENAGERS! THINK THE WORLD'S RUN FOR THEIR EXCLUSIVE BENEFIT!

I'LL, uh, TALK TO YOU LATER, BETTY...

She must think I'm a **total wimp**, caving in like that, he thinks. But if I had that reward...

...I wouldn't have to back down for **anyone!**

I've got to stop fooling around and get serious here. For Aunt May...for my own self-respect...

...I **am** going to capture Batwing!

THESE DAYS, A MAN'S NOT EVEN SAFE IN HIS OWN *HOME!* I WANT TO *DOUBLE* THE PATROLS --

-- *TRIPLE* THE MAN-POWER --

-- I WANT THIS PLACE SEWN UP SO TIGHT THAT *NOTHING* CAN GET IN!

UNDER-STOOD, MISTER C.

SAY HELLO TO YOUR *FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN,* FOLKS! NOT ONLY IS HE *CUTE, CLEVER,* AND A DAB HAND WITH THE *WEB-SHOOTERS* --

-- BUT HE'S ALSO THE ANSWER TO YOUR *PRAYERS!*

GHAH!

DON'T WORRY, MISTER C! HE WON'T GET *NEAR* YOU!

THWAP

THWAP

THWAP

HEY, IS THAT *NICE?* IS THAT *FRIENDLY?*

I JUST DROPPED BY TO TELL YOU THAT I WANT THAT *REWARD* --

-- AND I'VE GOT A *TERRIFIC* PLAN FOR HOW TO CAPTURE *BATWING!*

-:HARRUMPH:- WELL, I SUPPOSE IT *TAKES* A FREAK TO *CATCH* A FREAK...

*WHAT?!*

-- YOU'RE AN *OUTLAW*, AND I WOULDN'T ORDINARILY *COUNTENANCE* YOU.

BUT I'LL USE ANY WEAPON I *CAN* AGAINST THAT *UNDESIRABLE ELEMENT* WHO'D THREATEN THE NATURAL *SOCIAL ORDER* --

-- WHO'D THREATEN THE HARD-WON *SECURITY* OF THOSE WHO'VE *EARNED* THEIR PRIVILEGES --

YEAH, WELL, SKIP THE *CAMPAIGN SPEECH*, COUNCILMAN.

US *RIFF-RAFF* DON'T CARE ABOUT THE "*NATURAL SOCIAL ORDER*" -- BUT AS LONG AS THE *MONEY'S* GOOD, I'M ON THE TEAM.

NOW HERE'S WHAT I WAS THINKING WE COULD DO...

*He should just **walk up** there, he tells himself.*

*Cherryh's setting things up for **tonight** and he's got time to kill --*

*-- so he should just **walk up** and knock on the McKeevers' door and **demand** his math notes back.*

*But no, that would cause **trouble**.*

*Still, he can't let him keep the **notes** -- that would be cheating, or **helping** him cheat, or something like that.*

*There's a **window** open, and a big patch of **shadow**. If that's Tiny's room --*

*-- hey, it is, and there are the **notes**! Doesn't even look like he's **opened** them!*

THAPP

NFL

GOT 'EM!

*Funny, how Spider-Man can go toe-to-toe with **Dr. Doom**, but as **Peter Parker**, he can't face down a single --*

BUT, DAD --!

HUH?

DON'T YOU "BUT" ME, BOY!

I GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR SCHOOL, TELLING ME MY SON'S A MORON, AN IDIOT --

-- TOO STUPID TO EVEN PLAY FOOTBALL!

I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE, DAD --

-- IF I CAN GET MY GRADES UP --

Oh, YEAH! GET YOUR GRADES UP!

A LOSER LIKE YOU'S GONNA TURN INTO EINSTEIN OVERNIGHT, huh?

WELL, MAYBE I AIN'T TOO SMART MYSELF --

-- AND LORD KNOWS I CAN'T BE, TO HAVE A MORON SON WHO GETS HIMSELF KICKED OFF THE FOOTBALL TEAM --

-- BUT I GOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD RIGHT NOW, BOY --

-- ABOUT HOW A KID TOO STUPID TO EVEN PLAY FOOTBALL MUST NOT BE WORTH A WHOLE LOT, huh?

OR IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY THINKING, GENIUS? Huh? Huh? ANSWER ME!

Peter Parker **winces**, and pulls away from the window.

This **isn't** his problem, he tells himself.

He hears a thump, and a **crash**. Maybe Tiny's Dad is just slamming a table for **emphasis**. Maybe **that's** it.

And Tiny's a **bully**. A bully and a cheat and a **thief**. He **deserves** what he gets, doesn't he?

He must...

TOO DIVINE --!

-- PERFECT NIGHT.

NORMAN OSBORN! WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A --

-- CALLED ME AT ABSOLUTELY THE LAST MINUTE, YOU KNOW --

-- WOULDN'T HAVE COME MYSELF, BUT --

-- AN ADVENTURE -- LURING THAT HORRIBLE BAT-CREATURE OUT OF HIDING --

-- HIRED "EXTRA SECURITY" FOR THE NIGHT --

-- WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHO IT IS --

SHELLY!

-- SO THRILLING -- PRACTICALLY AN UNDERCOVER MISSION --

-- MONSTER COULD BE WATCHING US RIGHT NOW --

-- PRACTICALLY GOT GOOSE-BUMPS!

-- PATÉ IS SIMPLY DELICIOUS --

-- NO, NOT IRON MAN -- EVEN MORE AUDACIOUS --

-- HAS ALWAYS BEEN SUCH AN ORIGINAL THINKER --

-- MAYOR SOMEDAY -- OR EVEN MORE --

-- USED TO CALL HIM RAND-O AT SCHOOL --

-- NOT HALF AS LOVELY AS YOU, DEAR --

The music wafts up into the **night air**, delicate and peaceful --

-- and above, Spider-Man listens and watches and **waits**. Gone are thoughts of **Tiny McKeever**, of **school**, of **money worries**.

He could get **used** to this, he thinks.

Yeah, he could get used to this **real easily** --!

HAMPTONS
GSTAAD
EUROPE
DEBUSSY
-- GOT TO MEET MY ACCOUNTANT --
Eh?
THAT -- WHISTLING --
-- IT'S NOT WHISTLING --
IT'S --
Oh, LORD
HO-LEE CATS --
INSANE
MONSTROUS
HORRIBLE
"-- HERE IT COMES!"
SKREEEE

But...

THAP

WHA --?

THAP THWUPP

Huh?

WHAT ARE YOU, *CRAZY?* WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WANTS -- HECK, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT *IS!*

YOU CAN'T JUST *EXECUTE* IT!

A MAN HAS A *PERFECT RIGHT* TO DEFEND HIS HOME FROM *INTRUDERS!*

THAT THING'S A *MONSTER,* SPIDER-MAN --

-- AND IF YOU WANT THAT REWARD, YOU'LL *DO AS YOU'RE BLASTED WELL TOLD!*

*YES SIR,* MISTER CHERRYH! RIGHT *AWAY,* MISTER CHERRYH!

CONTACT THE *CHOPPER.* I WANT THEM AIRBORNE *TWO MINUTES AGO.*

WE'RE NOT LEAVING THIS IN THE HANDS OF SOME *SCOFFLAW VIGILANTE.* WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT SPIDER-MAN'S JOB GETS DONE --

-- AND GETS DONE *RIGHT.*

THERE'S JUST ONE *PROBLEM.* I DON'T DO *WINDOWS,* AND I DON'T DO *MURDER* -- SO I'LL CATCH YOU YOUR LITTLE *BAT-MONSTER* --

-- *BUT I'LL BRING HIM BACK ALIVE!!*

Spider-Man reflexively sets his **automatic belt-camera** to take pictures as he gives chase.

He won't need the money once he gets that **reward**, he tells himself -- but, in the meantime --

HEY THERE! GOING DOWNTOWN?

WELL, SO AM I -- MIND IF I HITCH A RIDE?

LISTEN, LET ME KNOW WHEN WE GET TO 34*th* -- THAT'S MY ST --

WHOA!

SKREEK

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION'S REALLY HIT THE *SKIDS* IN THIS TOWN!

-- why not give Jameson one last **thrill?**

BUT YOU WON'T --

-- GET AWAY --

-- FROM ME --

-- THAT EASILY!

SKREEEE

JHH!

DOUBLED BACK --!

The aerial combat rages on --

-- both sides too **fast**, too **agile**, for the other to get an advantage.

Spider-Man presses the **chase** --

-- until --

But Spider-Man matches every **twist** every **turn** --

-- and Batwing tries to **lose** him in the concrete canyons of Manhattan.

LOOK, FELLA, IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL --

-- BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

WHAK

With a howl, Batwing tears free --

-- and **flees**, no longer dodging, no longer trying to evade Spider-Man, but flying flat-out as if in **full retreat**.

No point in trying to **catch** him, figures the wall-crawler. Better just to **follow** --

-- find out where he's **running** to.

THE *PIERS*, huh?

NOT A BAD CHOICE. THERE'S ROOM TO *HIDE* -- NOT A LOT OF COMPETITION FOR THE SPACE EXCEPT *RATS* AND *BARNACLES* --

-- KINDA *SOGGY*, THOUGH...

PLEASE... PLEASE...

Huh?

ONLY... TOOK *FOOD*!

TRIED... *SCARE* PEOPLE... SO DIDN'T HAVE... HURT ANYONE!

DON'T... KILL! *PLEASE*!

His voice is tortured and shrill, like **chalk** on a **blackboard**.

And his **face** --

Y-YOU'RE JUST --

-- A LITTLE *KID*?

YOU'RE NO MORE THAN *TWELVE* OR *THIRTEEN* -- EVEN YOUNGER THAN I AM!

BUT -- WHAT *HAPPENED?* HOW DID YOU COME TO BE LIKE THIS, TO *LIVE* LIKE THIS?

HURTS *THROAT*... TALK! BUT... I *SHOW!*

A DIARY --!

DIARY

The diary tells a **story** --

-- about a boy who went with his father on a **business trip**, investigating possible illegal chemical dumping in **Carlsbad Caverns**.

Maybe the father should have **known** better -- or maybe he didn't realize the **danger** --

-- because he **fell** (or was there a gunshot? the diary isn't **clear**) --

DAD!

J-JIMMY

-- and the boy was **stranded**.

The boy **survived** -- eating and drinking what he could **find** -- even filthy, phosphorescent water that tasted like **metal** --

-- and in time, he was **rescued** --

-- but something had **happened**.

MERCIFUL SAVIOR!

His mother called him a **demon**, and he ran away -- all the way to **New York**, where he could find food and places to **hide** --

GEEZ, I DIDN'T *DREAM* --

-- IT'S GOING TO BE *OKAY*, KID. I WON'T *HURT* YOU. WE'LL GET YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE -- SOMEWHERE THEY CAN *HELP* YOU --

*NO!*

YOU FOUND... HIDEOUT! NOT *SAFE*...

NOT GOING... GET *CUT UP* BY SCIENTISTS...

...LIKE *MOM* SAID!

KID, *WAIT* --

*WHA -- ?!*

CRIPES, IT'S THE *CREATURE!*

HEY *WAIT* -- IT'S NOT WHAT YOU *THINK!*

-- SO MUCH AS TWITCH A *WING*, AND I'LL SPLATTER YOUR BRAINS ALL OVER --

Ah, SPIDER-MAN!

YOU'VE *EXCEEDED* MY EXPECTATIONS!

YOU LED US RIGHT TO HIM -- AND DELIVERED UP WITHOUT *INJURY*, AS YOU SAID!

I'M QUITE IMPRESSED. THE REWARD IS *YOURS* -- AND PERHAPS WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT MORE *REGULAR* EMPLOYMENT...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE *KID*?

THE... *CREATURE*?

NO NEED TO *WORRY*, SPIDER-MAN. WE'LL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T BOTHER ANYONE EVER AGAIN, AND *YOUR* HANDS ARE *CLEAN*...

*LIAR!*

YOU SAID... NOT *HURT*! BUT... JUST WANT MONEY... LET MEN *KILL* ME!

Eh -- ?!

*NO!* NO ONE'S KILLING *ANYBODY*, KID -- NOT WHILE *I'M AROUND*!

*THWIP*

HEY -- *WAIT! I MEANT* WHAT I SAID ABOUT HELPING YOU!

THERE ARE SCIENTISTS -- *GOOD* GUYS, LIKE *REED RICHARDS* AND *HENRY PYM* --

*NO!*

EVEYBODY... *HATE* ME! WANT... HURT ME!

FIND NEW PLACE... NEW PLACE TO *HIDE*!

*And like that, he's* ***gone*** *-- and Spider-Man watches him go --*

YOU'RE AN IDIOT, SPIDER-MAN.

YOU COULD HAVE *OWNED* THIS TOWN. YOU COULD HAVE HAD *MONEY, FAME, PRIVILEGE...*

...BUT YOU THREW IT ALL AWAY... FOR A *FREAK!*

LOOK, CHERRYH... MAYBE YOUR EGO GOT BRUISED WHEN BATWING BUZZED YOUR PENTHOUSE, BUT --

*SHUT UP!* YOU'VE MADE AN *ENEMY* HERE, AND YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW BAD I CAN *MAKE* THINGS FOR YOU!

YOUR TROUBLE WITH THE *COPS?* LOOK FORWARD TO *MORE.* IF YOU THINK THINGS HAVE BEEN ROUGH UP UNTIL *NOW,* WELL --

-- MMPH!

THAP

YOU *KNOW* --

-- I'VE MADE ENEMIES *BEFORE.* BIGGER GUYS. MORE POWERFUL GUYS. GUYS WITH *WEIRDER FACIAL HAIR.*

I THINK I CAN HANDLE *YOU.*

-MMPH! MMPH!-

RBAGE

ELEC

*Spider-Man watches until the* ***police*** *come. The police, and with them,* ***reporters.*** *They'll find the lair -- and the* ***diary.***

*The truth will* ***come out.*** *And maybe that'll get Batwing the kind of help he really* ***needs.***

*And as for the reward -- well, it* ***would*** *have been nice, but not at* ***that*** *price. The photos he took will bring in a* ***little*** *money --*

*-- and* ***really,*** *that's all he and Aunt May need.*

*And Spider-Man thinks about* ***responsibility,*** *and what it* ***means.*** *Not just stopping* ***crime,*** *but helping people in* ***trouble.***

*Whether you* ***know*** *them or not -- or even, sometimes --*

-- whether you like them or not.

NOK NOK

HOLD ON A SEC! I'LL BE THERE IN A --

-- PARKER? "PUNY" PARKER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WOW -- THAT'S SOME *SHINER*, TINY...

I SLIPPED DURING *FOOTBALL PRACTICE*, OKAY? GOT AN ELBOW IN THE EYE. WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, ANYWAY?

WELL, I... KINDA SWIPED MY *MATH NOTES* BACK DURING FIFTH PERIOD STUDY HALL. BUT I THOUGHT --

-- WELL, IF YOU'RE REALLY HAVING *TROUBLE* WITH IT, MAYBE I COULD GIVE YOU A FEW *POINTERS*.

YOU? COACH ME IN *MATH*? WHY WOULD YOU --

-- *aw*, NEVER MIND. YOU WANNA HELP, I'M NOT *COMPLAININ'*. COME ON IN.

*Soon...*

FOUR TIMES PI TIMES THE RADIUS... *aw*, YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR *TIME*, PARKER. I'M NOT *WORTH* IT -- I'M NEVER GONNA GET IT.

DON'T *SAY* THAT, TINY. EVERY-BODY'S WORTH IT. *EVERY-BODY.*

*Maybe he* **can't** *help here, Peter thinks. Maybe even if Tiny gets back on the football team, it won't* **fix** *things.*

*But all you can do is* **try**, *right? Just keep trying --*

*-- and see what life throws at you* **next**...

ISTORY
AMERICA

NEXT ISSUE:
SHATTERED BY THE SANDMAN!